**The Masked Assailant, Padmé, and What it Means to be a Senator**

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# The Masked Assailant, Padmé, and What it Means to be a Senator

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Padmé is on edge, ever since that fateful night with the would-be assassin. One day, when she traveled from the Galactic Senate building on a public ship, it happened. This would be the first in a series of incidents which would rile her life, rocking her world. She was unaware that this was all part of the plan by the dastardly ex-assassin's plan to get at her, to cause her to submit once more to her will...

Notes

Happy May 8th! Hello everyone! I went back and forth as to what to do for this fic. I decided to choose this prompt by pulledporknoods on a certain site: "Any fandom, any ship, chikan". This continues where "Zam Tops the Vaulted Senator from Naboo" (with the updated version published on Squidge World on May 3rd) left off, which is listed in the inspirations.

The Wikipedia page was helpful in formulating what this fic became. I just expanded it from there. This fic fulfills the prompt in its entirety. The first draft was finished on March 22nd, although I had to stop it a bit earlier that day as a damn mouse was running around my apartment like it owned the place, so infuriating if I must say so myself. I worked on it a bit more on March 29th and added in a fic (noted in the end notes) as an inspiration, helping expand and improve this fic. The final draft was completed today, with some updates which made this fic better and stronger. I updated it again when posting it here.

This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World, Internet Archive and Adult Fanfiction.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy this fic. As always, comments, and concrit, are fully welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Zam Tops the Vaulted Senator from Naboo by lefemmerougensfw

Ever since the night that would-be assassin entered her apartment and ate her out, Padmé had been on edge. She was traveling on a public transport ship which made its way from the Galactic Senate building because her private driver/pilot had come down with a mysterious illness, something which made her incredibly suspicious. She had a sense that he had been poisoned. A day or so after, something *happened* which she had never expected. It would be the first time in a series of incidents which would rile her life in so many ways. Her world would be rocked and would be shaken to the core. Little did she know but this was all part of a plan by a dastardly ex-assassin to get at her.

The ship was crowded. She barely had room to move. Suddenly, she felt another person's hand on her ass. This wasn't supposed to happen, right? She didn't know what to do. The cops could do *nothing*. Even so, she was determined that whenever the damn ship landed, she would catch this person and stop them in their tracks. Until the ship reached its destination, the hand remained on her entire ass, almost caressing the skin through the fabric. Once the ship landed, she attempted to get out, but more people came in. The masked assailant, whose face was obscured, fled the scene. She was disconcerted but confident she would catch this person if they ever did it again.

The following day, she thought she was safe until she felt something. The assailant was touching her chest. She heard a muffled whisper. "I want to see how you react, *Miss Amidala*." She wanted to strike back but the person massaged her breasts and pinched on her nipples. She somehow stopped herself from crying out. Her face was becoming redder and redder by the second. She did her best to stay strong. She would not give in. That wasn't who she was. She would never be that person. She made a promise that she wouldn't give into what this person wanted, a person that she guessed was a man. She would be calm and collected. She would catch this person no matter what.

The assailant continued. Her face started to become even more twisted, as the person's smooth hand kept touching her. She nearly stopped herself from moaning. She couldn't see the person doing this to her. That made it all the worse. She felt completely helpless. *Who* could she call for aid in a time like this? Who would even help her? The woman talked to her softly. "Shh. You don't want to embarrass yourself, do you? You are an important Senator after all." Padmé realized she was right. She did her best to control her breaths. Then suddenly it stopped. She whipped her head around to find this person. All she heard was, "you were such a *good girl* today. I'll be back tomorrow. *Just you wait*."

The next day was the same. This time it escalated. The assailant touched between her legs, moving through her fabric with such ease. This almost made her cry out. She was becoming undone by these sensations. She was able to stop herself somehow but barely. All she could say was, "stop it," the words hissing out of her mouth. Before the assailant left the ship, they hugged her and said in a quiet tone, "if you know what's best for you, then you will do what I say: you will wear no panties tomorrow when you ride the passenger ship." Padmé was incredulous. She'd never do that. She wouldn't put up with whatever this woman had planned for her. She would push against it.

When she rode the passenger ship the following day, she didn't feel anyone inappropriately touching her. She didn't have to pull away from anyone, she didn't have anyone touching her

in a certain special place. So she got off without incident. It was then that the assailant came behind her, attempting to grope her, or do something else to her. She had never been a victim of this kind of thing in her entire life. She'd make sure it would never happen again. This time, she was ready. She used her skills to pull the person into an alley, then body-slammed them on the ground. It was then she saw who the person was: Zam Wesell, the infamous woman who had intense sex with her some nights earlier.

"Zam? Are you the one who..." she started to say. The ex-assassin cut her off. She sighed then nodded. "Yes, it was me. I wanted to mess with you." Padmé couldn't be more furious. She wanted to punch this women right in the face for what she had done. "I *agreed* to let you be part my security detail, not assault me every damn day." She spit on her. "*Fuck you*." Zam chuckled. She shook her head. "That can be arranged." She took her finger and entered the Senator's pants. She shook her head. She slid her finger in with such ease that the Senator was shocked at how quick she did this. She barely had any time to register the pleasure which would soon be flowing through her body with such force.

"I guess *you did* wear panties after all." She shoved her finger inside of the Senator's place of desire, nearly making her gasp. The ex-assassin shushed her, saying this wasn't the place for that. As much as she wanted to be the dominant one, she also didn't want to publicly embarrass her. The Senator was her meal ticket, as some call it. So, she couldn't cause her career to collapse. Keeping her finger in the Senator's pussy, she slowly pumped it up and down, guiding her to sex hotel. Padmé could have run away and fought her off. She did not. Instead, she somewhat *liked* this treatment. Everything was automated in this hotel, without any human interaction, which was good for the Senator.

After they reached the assigned room, Zam closed the door. She removed her finger, slid off the Senator's skirt, exposing how wet she had become. She cooed. "Oh my. You really want this *don't you*? Such a beautiful woman like yourself liking a lowly ex-assassin like me, how scandalous that is." Padmé blushed. She knew the woman had a point. All she could say is, "Well...since we are here...give it to me...and stop assaulting me on the transport ship. Never do that to me ever again." Zam grinned. "Can do, *Miss Padmé*." She lowered the Senator's panties and returned her finger to inside of the Senator's special place. She moved it much more rapidly than before.

She was smiling from ear to ear, delighted more than she could be. She began moving her fingers purposely. This was so planned and focused. She didn't know if this woman was doing her a favor or not, but she began to whimper as the woman's touch became more frenzied. She was moving closer and closer to a climax. She couldn't stop it. She was not really sure she wanted to. Her body convulsed under the force from the ex-assassin, ready to fully unleash its pleasure. She tried her best to prepare herself. Any thoughts about how this would look to anyone apart from herself and Zam faded away into nothing. She couldn't forget this. She would certainly remember it, without a doubt.

The Senator loudly moaned and felt as much pleasure, if not more than when the then-assassin had come to her room that one fateful night. She cried out. "Oooh! That feels so good!" She truly did feel that way. She and the former assassin had a toxic relationship of sorts. Even so, she was enjoying herself. And that is all that mattered to her in that moment. She then released with force. Her love juices ejected out and onto Zam's face, which now was

dripping with sweet juices from inside her. The ex-assassin grinned. She licked some of the Senator's juices off her face. She was ready to make sure the Senator did what *she wanted*. She had a perfect plan in mind. She was ready to put it into action.

"You have to clean off my face, miss. It isn't *proper* for a Senator to spray on someone like me, you know." Padmé did what she asked, licking off Zam's face, while the latter fondled her breasts. Her moaning was prevented by what she was doing. In record time, she finished the task the ex-assassin asked her to do. She couldn't believe she had done this. Zam moved her head to the Senator's ear. "Now you need to do something for me. Have me accompany you as a bodyguard every day to and from the Galactic Senate." When she didn't answer as quickly as she would like, she slapped her ass, hard, then prepared to force her finger inside the Senator, teasing on the outside of her pussy.

Not sure she could do this again, she folded. She decided it was the best she could do for now at least. Later, she could get back at her in some way. She wasn't exactly sure how yet. She would figure it somehow. "Okay, fine! I'll let you do that, but it may be a difficult job. Are you ready for that." She bowed. She wanted even better job security. She happily accepted. "*Anything* for you, Miss Padmé."

End Notes

This fic was originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was sadly perma-banned, on April 17th, for mishandling interactions with a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin (and others). As such, I would strongly recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

I did not want this fic to be lost. I have not included some tags I had on Sunset (like Sunset's Femslash Refresh 2026, Exclusive to Sunset, Prompt Fill, Toxic Relationship (I substituted "emotional manipulation" in its place), Word Count: Less than 2500, Short Fic, and Star Wars references), but others have been retained. On Sunset, it was listed as part of two series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection" and "My Sunset Smutty Fic Collection." On that site, I also listed the fic "where you thought it was safe" by wishb0ne as an inspiration. Sadly, although that user has an account on here, that fic is exclusive to that site, and it has not been cross-posted here.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!